FINDS CONTENTMENT THERE. to him.

Trials in the Cotton Field-A Southern country House in a Storm-Incidents of Life on a Plantation-The Pleasure of Getting Back to One's Home.

PEACEVILLE, Oct. 13 .- Jim brought me dozen coots this morning-such a treat! I do not know what size they are-I mean to describe them-but I know that while As fast as the corn was broken Jim and two coots are as much as one can manage.

The negroes go out with lightwood They cannot get them on moonlight nights, for the birds see them, but on dark nights they are blinded by the torchlight. I rarely see them, because I cannot afford to buy them, and the hands

them in the incubator, and we collected what eggs we could to put with them. the heat with the incubator only half full.

many leaks. Now I am resting a while before going to bed. I am strangely worn and exhausted

worn and exhausted.

Sunday, Oct. 16.—No service in the little church to-day. Sent to ask A. if she would dine with me and drive out in the woods with me afterward. I called Chloe and Patty and Goliah in and read the morning prayer and the beautiful hymns for the twenty-first Sunday after Trinity. I played and had them sing the chants and we had a pleasant little service. I always like to have a scriptural quorum.

I hope the Good Father did not mind I had lunch at 1 and left immediately afterward, as it is a drive of 16 miles. Drove

I hope the Good Father did not mind my sewing a little on Mary Frances's frock after I had read the prayers. I was careful to do it in private for fear of offending a weaker brother.

We started out in the buckboard at 3. taking the three little frocks for the children and a nice dark calico shirtwaist suit for the poor mother. The drive was charming. Stopped to see Louise M., who is so faithful in trying to carry on the Sunday school. Her little log cottage was as clean as possible and she showed with great pride their potatoes just dug; she and her husband insisted on giving she and her husband insisted on giving

belongings out to the pineland to remain there until the middle of November than weighing two pounds.

Went on to the Lewis's; found them very cheerful and just eating their midday meal I went into the hut and so saw what it was, a very large spider full of hominy. That seemed the only thing, but they were perfectly content, their hunger being appeased by the abundance and heat of the meal, for it was steaming not cooled unnecessarily as our food is by being transferred from one receptacle to another. The spider had the place of honor in the middle of the table. Each one was helped to a pan of it and then retired out of doors to eat it.

They were all delighted with their frocks. I had collected some few men's garments for the gaberlunzie who owns as the last of the mind to close the weary eyes of the body, so to speak, and open the far seeing eyes of the mind and look on all beauty and nobleness.

PEACEVILLE, Oct. 26.—Got back from Woodstock last evening after a most refreshing visit. C. gave me a lot of clothes and shoes for the poor Lewis family.

This last heen a perfect day. Drove to

They were all delighted with their frocks. I had collected some few men's garments for the gaberharzie who owns the flock. But when I produced the calicotrock for the wife she just overflowed with joy like a child. After many expressions of delight and satisfaction she retired to a corner to put it on, saying:

"I'm sure. Miss Patience, no one could say I'm not a-needin' it, fo' I ain't had a chanct to wash this frock I got on till there comes a red hot day, fo' I didn't have a thing to put on w'ile I'm a-washin' it."

When she appeared in it she swelled with pride and said:

The pusson that made this frock must a measured me w'en I was a-sleepin'. No dressmaker could 'a' fit me so well."

I found that this poor soul had been for a week nursing a neighbor night and day, only leaving her long enough to walk the mile home and get her meals.

Mrs. Sullivan is very old as well as very ill and very poor, so that all the litting and cooking and work of every sind Mrs. Lewis has done. When I said. "But you ought to get your meals there, she answered:

There isn't enough, Miss Patience, in the house but just for her, an' I'm thankful that we'got plenty o' grist to eat now, nobody need be hungry here."

It certainly is a lesson in more ways than one to go among those whose lives are so elementary. This woman, who has heen accused of failing in her highest duties, who knows the daily presence of want, who has never had enough of anything but air and sunshine and the breath of life, spends day and night and all her strength in nursing a woman for the moment poorer than herself in that she is old and helpless, and there is no feeling that she is doine anything uncleaning and cooking preparatory to move ways that she is doine anything uncleaning and sunshine and the breath of life, spends day and night and all her strength in nursing a woman for the moment poorer than herself in that she is old and helpless, and there is no feeling that she is doine anything uncleaning and seal and cooking and the preparation to the moment

statted off at a brisk walk, but I asked her to sit on the back of the buckboard as I had to pass the house. This delighted her and we had much talk. I asked if Mrs. Sullivan had no children who could help with the nursing. She said she had two.

Yes, mum, she has a daughter, but she's mighty feeble an' she lives three miles away, an' it jes seems as if she couldn't get to cum to her mar; an' when she does git there, weil, she's that tuckered out an' that sorry fur her mar that she pes sets in to cry. Then Miss Sullivan's son lives with her, but he seems as if his mind was a-goin'; he kyan't do nothing.

Doesn't he work?' I asked.

On, yes, mum, he goes out an' works the pasture—that's all they've got to live on—but he don't think to cut a stick or wood or bring a drop of water 'less' in you tell him to do it. His mar's too sick to tell him, an' he'll jes sit there an' see the fire go out an' never think. But soot, as I tell him to cut a piece o' wood he'll do it right off. He's a big strong man an' they say a powerful fellow to work, but he don't seem to have no head to thing."

I was sorry it was too late for me to go in and see the old woman and her son

THE WOMAN RICE PLANTER and find out what was wrong with the latter. I remember John very well. When I taught him in Sunday school he was a SHE VISITS A LOG CABIN AND at all. I cannot think what has come

The drive home was delightful. No automobile disputed the road with us

October 18-The storm which has been travelling about the Gulf and has de-vastated Cuba seems to have got here at last. It looked so stormy and threatening this morning that I drove down early to are the most delicious morsels tell Jim not to carry out the orders I gave maginable, almost nicer than rice birds. yesterday to mow the far field, but instead to put all hands to gathering in the corn one can eat six rice birds for breakfast Goliah brought it in the wagon to the barn. I had many small trials and irritations over the difficulty of getting orches when there is no moon and catch Bonaparte to carry out my orders, but the little birds asleep on the reeds and finally things got working well. I sat in weeds in the old thrown out rice fields. the barn and read the Iliad and tallied

corn all day. October 19 Stormed all last night and is still stormy this morning. In spite of being worn out last evening I had to go round with buckets and pails to put unde always swear they do not get them on the leaks and to move my bed, on which my land, so that when I do get any I am the rain was blowing through the broken delighted. Jim does not often go after panes of the high window, which is a kind them because he is not acclimated to the of skylight, too high to be reached with rice fields and will have fever if he persists, out a ladder. This pineland house which rice fields and will have fever if he persists in going. He has never lived on the plantation in summer.

At 12 o'clock to-day started the incubator. Could not get eggs enough to fillit, which is a pity. A friend had bought some expensive Rhode Island Red eggs and then found she had no hen willing to sit at that time, so I undertook to hatch the rich that time, so I undertook to hatch the rich that time, so I undertook to hatch the rich that time, so I undertook to hatch the rich that time, so I undertook to hatch the rich that time is the line to the rich that time to the rich that the rich that

shack has to do without.

My brother is making the risky ex what eggs we could to put with them.
but only sixty altogether could be found;
just half of what I should have. It is a
disadvantage, for it is hard to keep up
the heat with the incubator only half full. the heat with the incubator only half full.

It seems a waste of oil, and as my friend is to furnish the oil it worries me.

Seems a waste of oil, and as my friend Ordinarily any white person staying of the plantation would by this date be down. Just before bedtime a pouring rain with country fever, as it used to be called, came down and I had to fly from room to room putting tubs and basins under the All the experiment requires great strength of mind and courage to make. All the family have kept quite well thus

far and I feel no fear in going to visit him.

10 P. M.—Wind blowing a gale and rain

belongings out to the pineland to re-main there until the middle of November

the moment poorer than herself in that she is old and helpless, and there is no feeling that she is doing anything unusual.

She put some of the dry hominy in a hucket and saying, "Now I mus' be goin': Miss Sullivan begged me pitiful not to stay long," she took the bucket and started off at a brisk walk, but I asked her to sit on the back of the buckboard with soot.

POEMS WORTH READING

The Song of the Spade. I am the spade, the humble spade. Plain, sturdy, tireless, unafraid: Of all the servants of mankind None better or more true you'll find

Poets have sung the glittering sword An age of peace its reign should end

The instrument of cierkly men-yet 'ils too oft a treacherous thing That bears a poison pointed sting. Then there's the flag, the showy flag; Of countless honors it can brag: For it let patriot ardors burn— But does it make a fair return?

Others have praised the nimble pen.

The sword, the pen, the flag all three Since human history began I've toiled unceasingly for man

I trench the Isthmus, main to main; i irrigate the thirsty plain; I turn the hillside rough and bare To fertile field and garden fair.

I tell the river where to flow. And mark the path where trade shall go: I am the spade, the mighty spade. Proud of the record I have made R. H. TITHERINGTON

A Fair Collection So many maidens smile on him. So many conquests has he made. They cheer him when the prospect's dim Console him when hope seems to fade There is no joy tike unto his.

You'll note the rapture in his tones He is no Turk and yet it is

A great scraglio that he owns They all reside within his den. And each one's charm doth he rehearse And I have known him now and then To praise them all in ardent verse. And though the maids are not a few No quarrelling you'll ever see;

With them he fives the whole day through

One lovely lass in frame displayed He cut from out a magazine Another very pretty maid On a wall catendar is seen Two beauties that his ardor win In Sunday supplements were met. And six or more were packed within His favorite brand of cigarette:

In perfect peace and harmony

NATHAN M. LEVY

Narcissus.

Narcissus.

From the Catholic Standard and Times. One night, while yet the wold Lay dormant with the cold.

I fing the casement wide And pausing, ere I drew. The outer shutters to.

A lovely thing espied.

A thing of precious worth. A bit of beaven in earth.

A star in water. Heneath the rosebush bare. A rain pool glassed it. There By its own beauty glamoured it poised above the brink.

I ashed down and seemed to sink. To darkness, self-chamored.

That vision of delight
Oft walked my dreams at night.
Let now 'tis fructified!
This morning when I rose
And scanned my garden close
What marvel I espled!
I wonder of new bit th.
A bit of heaven in earth—
A star in blossom!
Beneath the rose bush bare
It braves the chilly air.
With beauty's self to bless us.
Suring's herald true! behold.
With horn of cleaming gold.
The heaven born narcissus'.
Tom Dalt.

Blessing. From the Westminster Gazette

At night 1 sit beside the hearth And watch the glowing sod: I tell my beads and say a name That's known to me and God. That's surely known to me and God. For every night and day I call a blessing on the one That travels far away.

That travels far away itself To earn a stranger's gold. May God's love be a mantle now To shield him from the cold.

To shield him from the bitter cold. And from a bliter tongue; it's harsh and strange are foreign lands To one that's soft and young. To one whose heart is hot and young The thought of home is dear. O Heart of Christ, shield him I love And hold him warm and near.

Hold him that travels warm and near And keep his spirit white; Be safety to him through the day And shelter through the night.

Be shelter through the long, dark night Wherever he may be. to his dreams

Spring's Proof From the Denter Republican.
The garden seeds he had left o'er
He cannot find at all:
He's hunted, till he's passing sore.
Each closet great and small;
The rake has vanished, brow o'ercast
His time in search is spent;
The handle's all he finds at last.
Used for his small son's tent.

The spade's a wreck, some wagon had Reduced it unto bits;
The hoe is also to the had;
Right here he throws ten fits
Because the hose is full of leaks;
He thought that it would do.
Whereas twill never last two weeks;
He'll have to get some new.

And so it goes, the garden that
He thought he'd start by noon
Will not be planted now, that's flat:
He gallops townward soon
And buys, and buys, and buys, and buys,
Hoes, rakes and everything
He thought he had on hand; where lies
The proof that it is spring!

Dead and Forgotten From the Chicago Record-Herald There is a grave, neglected, bare.
To which no pilgrim ever goes;
No stone has been erected there.
And there no biossom ever blows.

Yet he who lies within that grave
Was worthy of all good men's praise:
He was high minded, famous, brave,
A man who walked in wisdom's ways.

He was a man who dared to stand With one or two for what was right. He lent new glory to his land. He prized his honor more than might.

"Tis long since he through darkness groped.
Long since his proud lips have been dumb.
He was the man that once I hoped
I should have courage to become.
S. E. KISER.

A Cure for the Blues. From the Somerellte Journal.

What! Moping just because the skies
Are dull and dark, and gray?.
Dejected, long faced just because
The rain heats down to day?
Why, bless you, child: It doesn't help!
To let the tears drip too,
Just wipe your eyes and look around
For some good work to do.

There's nothing helps when you are to Like helping set things right.
Kind service fills the darkest day With sweetness and with light.
And when you're feeling out of sorts.
The very wisest pian is to find out what others want.
And help them all you can.

So look around and study up
Some helpful thing to do;
You'll find that cheering others' lives
Will brighten life for you.
Look up the real unfortunates.
And ease their aches and pains.
And while you feel you're doing good
You'll never know it rains!

The Return of the Natives The dream came true, oft dreamed at home We crossed the fabled leagues of foam, alied down the Rhine, beheld the Danube, And climbed the seven heights of Rome.

(But now, across the well known plain, I'ush, beating heart! we trace again The misty reach of Winding River! The cowslip fields of Westward Lane

We saw the fortress of the Czar, The Kaiser's armies plumed for war, The princes of the Church in pageant. And mighty Dreadnoughts sailing far (But look! Beyond that daisled hill

Where cattle roam and graze their fill. Beneath an arch of clms and maples. The village troop rides out to drill. We crossed the plain of Marathon. The field of Tours we looked upon. And trod the blood 'riched Belgian valley Where Bonaparte met Wellington.

(Yet here, uncovered in the sun-Our fathers from the Redcoats won.) QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Thackeray's version of "Lord Bateman" published last Sunday was drawn from Carleton's American reprint. Comparison with other texts shows that liberties have been taken with the standard text, some by way of omission and some by way of addition, all in the later stanzas. This has thrown the verse out of accord with the picture, but that is a trifle when the morals of American readers were to be kept inviolate. The oversensitive soul who bowdierized the balland discovered that the noble lord was about to com.

Auction Bridge. E. S. C. says; Z is the declarer on a bid of two hearts and Y is bis partner, B, on the right of the declarer, led the queen of spaces. Y said: "Partner, you can exact a penalty for that." Z asked what the penalty was and Y tool film "to call the card exposed of to call it a lead out of turn and call a suit from A, who be exacted. A says that no penalty can be exacted. A says that no penalty can be exacted. A says that dummy should have laid down his cards as soon as a lead was made, no matter from which hand. Y insists that he is not dummy until he does lay down his cards.

The Whist Club has decided that in such cases discovered that the noble lord was about to commit bigamy. To avoid this infraction of the law he married the first Lady Bateman to the haughty menial, bigamy being apparently venial on the distaff side. The topic has proved so interesting that selection from the many letters it i will correct some imperfect memories.

will correct some Imperfect memories.

In the third act of "Rosedale" Rosa Leigh teaches Elliot Grey (Lester Wallack) the song "Lord Bate man," which song was a favorite of the child Sir Arthur, who was supposed to have been drowned early in the play. Elliot Grey goes to the Gypsy Dell disguised as an old soidler, sings "The Cracks man's Chant" to the gypsies. When alone he sings "Lord Bateman" so that the child he thinks was stolen may hear him. These are the words Mr. Wallack sang:

Lord Bateman was a noble lord. A noble lord was he of high degree. And he determined to go abroad. In hopes some foreign countries he might see.

But then there was a reason good To think the little boy alive night be. So he went to the wild, wild wood. To find and take him to his mother dear. (The child then crawls toward blu.)

A false face did that friend put on. The little boy full soon the truth did see And when he found

And when he found

The child celes Elliot, who takes him in his arms as Mdes McKenna, the gypsy king, comes on, sees them and calls his gypsies, who run on with clubs and stand over Elliot Grey, Mies McKenna asks "What do you thint of my gypsies now?"

Elliot Grey says. "What do I think of your gypsies?" What ho, Lancers, up and at them?" The Lancers appear behind all the rocks with carbines pointed at the gypsies as the curtain comes down on a very pretty picture, as John Worthy should remember.

A. L. POOLE.

on a very pretty picture, as John Worthy should remember.

A. L. POOLE.

Other friends have recorded the stage picture in practically the same form. Eines W Sargent has his memory refreshed by the possession until recently of 'a manuscript copy of foosedale made from the Lester Wallack prompt cony. It was the result of an early attempt to piracie the piay and the copy was made at the time the play was running in New York. I did not see Mr. Wallack in this rôle, but my recollection of the copy was distinct at that time and was verified not more than five or six years ago. I do not recall what disposition was made of this copy.

W. D. C. recalls Mrs. John Hoey in the rôle of the stolen boy's mother, yet S. E. S., the recollection fixed by the collateral fact that it was a first yielt to the theatre, remembers l'the Germon in

ults of the investigation this newest investigator

Which is right, "advertise ment," with the accept on the third sallable, or "advertisement," with the accept on the second. An appeal to the Standard Dictionary is confusing on the point. In the body of the work the first prominication is given as being correct, while in "Disputed Promuciations" in the back of the book it appears the opinion of the authorities is overwhelmingly against the editor.

H. J. BRIMBLE.

book it appears the opinion of the authorities is overwhelmingly against the editor.

There need arise no confusion if the authority cited be properly examined. The Standard has adopted as its preferred pronunciation advertise ment, with the accent on the penult. In the table of disputed pronunciations no less than nine variants are listed, the variety being only partly based upon the incidence of the accent. It will be seen that if attention be directed upon accent variety alone the onlying of the secont standard has a summed by his partner.

The lead comes from the left of the actual dealer, as usual. The make is just as it dummy had been properly asked to declare. seen that if attention be directed upon accent variety alone the opinion of the authorities is strongly in favor of the accented penuit. The

Record a number of odd and numorous epitaples.

Among them was one I have been familiar with
for many years and as your contemporary gave
it incorrectly perhaps you will allow me to offer
the correct rendering. The epitaple is on a stone
in a country churchyard in Suffolis, England
Inscribed in Roman letters cryptically arranged,
It offers to the eye quite a jumble of capitals and
lower case, but when deciphered reads as follows:
"Beneath this stone lies Catherine Gray
Changed from a busy life to lifeless clay
By earth and clay she got her pelf
But now she's turned to earth herselt
Ye weeping friends let me advise
Abate your grief and dry your eyes
For what avails a flood of tears
Who knows but in a round of years
As some small teapot neat and plain
She may be in her shop again."
The Catherine Gray so quaintly remembered
was popularly believed to be the owner of a small
village store and part of her stock in trade con
sisted of 'Pigs." the word 'pigs' in the countryside
Vernacular meaning crockery.

MARLEY HAY.

I think nobody answered the correspondent who asked for "My Willie's on the dark blue sea." I give these three verses and do not remember if there were any others. It was published in "The Golden Wreath," our school singing book, but I was too young to notice the name of the publisher.

My Wille's on the dark blue sea. He's gone far o'er the main. And many a weary day will pass E'er he'll come back again CHOLUS

Oh, blow, gentle winds, o'er the dark blue sea, fild the storm king stay his hand. And bring my Willie back to me. To his own dear native land. I see the vivid lightning's flash, And hark! the thunder's roar: Oh. Father, save my Willie from The storm king's mighty power!

And as she spoke the lightning ceased, Hushed was the thunder's roar, And Willie clasped her in his arms, To roam the seas no more.

Now, blow, stormy winds, o'er the dark blue sea No more we'll stay thy hand, Since Willile's safe at home with me In his own dear native land.

Kindly advise through the columns of your Sunday paper the correct form of abbreviating did not. Should it be "didn't" or "did'nt"?

M. B. R.

If it were no more than a matter of placing an apostrophe the question would scarcely call for answer. The usage in that regard is well established; the apostrophe is employed to mark the dropping of a letter. Since no letter is dropped between did and not there can be no warrant for did'nt. But certain recent spelling books have authorized didnt and the like without the apostrophe. There seems no reserve for the supper. Low man is to pay. The early drawn are jack, seven, five, four and ace. Who is suck? the apostrophe. There seems no reason for this and the dictionaries have not adopted it; in the case of can't and won't the absence of the distinctive mark may lead to a confusion with nouns policy.

In reply to "L. H. S." I believe_my father, Henry C. Dobson, with his brother, Charles E. Dobson, In 1872 or 1873 bought out a chop house at 141 Fourth avenue, between Thirteenth and Fourteenth streets, and called the same The Green Room. Who ran this place ahead of the Dobson brothers I leave to some of the old timers

bobson brothers I leave to some of the old timers to state.

During Brown's connection with Wallack's Theatre his chop house was on Fourth avenue, second house north of Thirteenth street, and opposite the stage door of the theatre. W. D. E. Brown's Chop House was opened in 13x Fourth avenue, the third door north of Thirteenth street, by George Brown and Harry Pray his brother-liaw. There were two signs—one at right angle to the entrance, but the business card had on it to the corner store in the "Wallack's Theatre Building," Broadway and Thirteenth street.

E. H. W.

Bobson brothers I leave to some of the old timers of C. C.

C. D. The notice that they are of the same suit until the showdown it is too late to call the deal void. There must be a time limit for this discovery or tricky players might make a pack irregular on purpose.

Pinochle J. D. F. says: A meids to tacks. Later he lays down a spade marriage, but loses the pinochle. A trick or two further on he lays down the other pinochle and scores 300 for it. This his opponent disputes and says it is only single of nochle.

As long as the first two eards are on the table.

SCHOOL FOR CARD PLAYERS.

law 62. It does not appear that Y has suggested a choice of penalty but simply called the de-clarer's attention to the fact that there was a penalty for B's leading out of turn, which Y had a perfect right to do as long as his cards were

F. H. P. says: Z bid three hearts. A three no trumps. V and B both passed and Z went four hearts. A said: "I double four hearts." Before leading to the first trick A remarked that as Z's bid should have been five hearts to overcall three no trumps A is doubling five hearts. Z bets that A's double has forfeited his right to correct the bid.

do so before they pass or double or bid higher I'. J. I'. says: Z started with a bid of two in clubs. A, on his left, said, "Diamonds." Y passed and B said to A: "Your bid must be two in diamonds. I bid two in hearts." Is there any penalty against A or B for this irregularity."

and the adversaries wish to correct it they must

No, because no harm has been done. Even if the word "diamonds" by A should be taken to mean only one in diamonds. It stands as one in diamonds the moment Y accepts it by passing and there was no necessity for B to bid more than one in hearts unless he wished to.

1. G. E. says: Out here in Denver we are in doubt as to the exaction of the penalty for a declaration or double out of turn. A insists that the next man to say, i. e., the adversary on the left, must decide whether or not he wants a new deal. B bets either adversary may sak for a new deal, provided they do not consult about it.

B is right. In Laws 51 and 55 the words. "The adversary on his left," have been struck out and the words, "elther adversary" inserted in their place. Law ie forbids the consultation.

E. M. T. says: Z is the dealer and holds four top clubs, nothing else but three three card suits of small cards. It is partner. Y, bets that he should have bid two in clubs to show such strength as four sure tricks. Z insists that one club was enough.

It is only in the spade suit that it is considered lion nixed by the collateral fact that it was a first sist to the theatre, remembers l'the Germon in the part.

It is only in the spade suit that it is considered necessary to distinguish between ordinary holding and great strength, and one club is supposed to be indication enough that the clubs would be useful as part of a no trumper, if the third hand can stop the other suits. To bid two in clubs, a player should have at least six sure tricks in the suit, not four, and even then few players think it necessary to bid so high as it forces the partner suits. to a two trick bid in either red suit.

continues:

"And now William Munson Christie, a literary engineer living in Chicago, comes forward. He not only names the author but produces a confession from the author's confederates:

"Dear Mr. Christie. Your letter about the authorant of the quotation used on your letterhead is at name. As gory say, this has the ring of Emerson. It was written by Mr. Hebbard, but in spired by Raph Waldo Emerson. Trusting this information will be almost satisfactory we remain, sincerely yours. The Roychotterials.

"East Aurona, N. N. Per E. R. S."

"That leaves usenmeshed in still another theory, Itopens up new q estims. How did Emerson in spire the Fra." What page and volume of the deathless Elbertian writings contains the passage. Did the see the declaration was doubled. All Z can do with the tricks he takes is to save his contract had be opened to the feet that Law 60 to especially exempts tricks take in penalty for a revoke from carrying with them any bonus in case the declaration was doubled. All Z can do with the tricks he takes is to save his contract and go game. He gets no 50s.

he take it as Homer used to take his things when he smote his bloomin' lyre? Unaily, did Mr. Hubbard himself inspire all the curlosity about the mouse trap quotation and preserve secrecy as to his authorship of it in order that he might gather all the interest that has been aroused into one grand nosegay and make use of it in one magnificent and culminating advertisement? We await, almost breathlessly, further developments."

Which is right, "advertise'ment," with the acceptance of the third syllable, or "advertisement," with the acceptance of the third syllable, or "advertisement," with the acceptance of the third syllable, or "advertisement," with the acceptance of the third syllable, or "advertisement," with the acceptance of the third syllable, or "advertisement," with the acceptance of the third syllable, or "advertisement," with the acceptance of the table is just the same as louching a carrier in dummy and that he cannot take it back.

Under the rules players are not allowed to bid by gesture. See Law 1 of the eliquette of auction bridge.] If such an irregularity is pertion bridge.] If such an irregularity is per-mitted V's claim must be allowed that A's rais-ing his hand and placing it on the edge of the

table is passing.

seen that if attention be directed upon accent variety alone the opinion of the authorities is strongly in favor of the accented penult. The system of references is so complete that which ever way one may elect to pronounce the word he may readily ascertain what support recognized authorities give him.

Some time ago there appeared in the columns of The Sun and credited by it to the Philadelphia (Record a number of odd and humorous epitaphs. Among them was one I have been familiar with a column of the sun and credited by it to the Philadelphia (Record a number of odd and humorous epitaphs.)

Fuchre. M. M. says: Z turns down the frump which was a diamond. A, on his left, says Spades." Y, who is the dealer's partner, says I will play it alone. Is this ellowed." No, no one but the actual maker of the trump

in this case A, can play alone. (ribbage, W. G. B. says: A plays eight of clubs, I the four of clubs and A the tray of clubs, for which A pegs fifteen two. It plays another club and pegs a flush of four. There are no flushes in play, but only in the hand or crib after the play is onished.

1. T. W. says: A lays down a four and call-twenty seven. B plays a four to it and neg-four holes. Then A says he made a mistake and it was not twenty seven but only twenty-six and he plays an acc and takes the two for the thirty-one. Must B take down his two? A is too late to correct the error after his opponent has accepted the count and played to it. B's four holes are good and A must take

back his ace. R. B. D. says: A plays two cards at once. B bets he can call whichever he pleases, and the other must be played next time. Is this right? Never heard of such a rule. There is never any penalty against a player for exposing his own cards unless he has a partner that can profit by it.

Cutting Cards. H. G. M. says: Without any previous understanding as to what shall be high. A and H agree to cut the cards for \$5 a side. A gets an acc. B gets a six. Who wins? gets an ace, it gets a six. Who wins:

Apparently there was no understanding eit her
as to whether high or low was to win. In almost
all games of cards in which the full pack is used all games of cards in which the full pack is used low wins in cutting for anything, and ace is always low. An ace is never high except it be made by by the rules of some game such as poker, its natural rank in the pack being below the deuce. If the parties to the bet are agreed that high should win the six gets the money if the cut was from a full pack. If there was no agreement as to high or low winning the ace takes the pot.

Faro. H. McK. says: If the three cards left in for the last turn are all of the same denomination A bets that no money can be placed on calling the turn. Is this right?

It used to be the rule to allow the players to call by the colors. If one red and two black cards are left, they could call it black-red, or red-black or red for her. It must come one of the cards are left, they could call it black-red, or red-black or red for her. It must come one of these ways and the bank pays two for one just the same as for any other cat hop.

A P. i. says: The pot is opened and several come in. No one called the opener's bet after the draw and he showed two lacks, but they were both clubs. He stated that he did not notice tals when he opened. Is it his pot? The rule is that any irregularity in the pack must be discovered before the draw is com-plete. If a player gets two jacks and does not notice that they are of the same suit until the

As long as the first two cerds are on the table the other two can be added to make the 200 just the same as adding the Λ 10 J of trumps to the K and O for 150. W. A. B. says: Having pinochic four hard to make the trump. A deals. B passes and C makes it clubs. It melds to in spades. C bets be cannot meld spades after be has refused to make the trump. B bets there is no rule that forces him to name the trump or lose his meld.

I have a copy of the song book entitled "Happy Hours" that Otto Fuchs inquired about in TRE SUNDAY March 26. If he will let me know his address through the question bureau of TRE SUNDAY SUN I will send it to him.

M. A. H.

In some places it is the rule to compelant player who holds a marriage to name that suit for trumps, but among the hest players it is optional to pass or to make it no matter what you hold.

POLITICAL NOTES.

Ex-United States Senator Nathan Bay scott of West Virginia was at the Waldorf Astoria the other night and had a few words to say regarding events in 1912.

"President Taft will be renominated," said Mr. Scott. "That seems to be a foregone conclusion. As to the candidate the will be renominated. Democrats will name just put a pin in the statement I make to you and stick it up on the wall where you can see it every say that Speaker Champ Clark will b cominated in 1912 by the Democrats for

William A. Smyth, postmaster of Owego and for many years Republican leader of Tioga county, is the editor and publishe of the Owego Times. Mr. Smyth has had trouble for a number of years with alleged reformers in the county and the Times has this interesting story:
"A Western man who has kept in close

touch with the politics of this country during the last half century was asked by an investigating committee some time ago
Z is correct. If an insufficient bid is made to state the motives which actuate the average political reformer. 'The political reformer of this age,' was the reply, 'is invariably prompted by one or more of only the letter R: namely, reform for revenue, fire horses at that, it's different. reform for revenge and reform for renown.

> hattan Club of Hearst's adroitness and cunning. It seems that after Hearst had been defeated for Governor of California a number of his old friends met him at the Grand Palace Hotel and one of them

Hearst, you see that the people of California are dead on to you. They don't want a confounded old ignoramus like you for Governor. They don't believe on can spell bird.

"Spell it u-r-d," replied Hearst. "There!" rejoined the inquisitor, "you see the people of the State were dead right

Yes, I can," replied Hearst.

when they believed you to be an ignoramus. You can't even spell bird. "I'll bet you a case of wine I can," replied Hearst.

the chagrin of the group.

Hearst.

Drew, who, being ill, one day sent word by his secretary to his cashier that the combination of the safe was the word "boots. The cashier pegged away in his efforts on that combination and was unsuccessful, and so sent Uncle Daniel a "boots" wouldn't open the safe. "What a ninny you are," replied Uncle Daniel, in a note back to his cashier, "it's

Butes, B-u-t-e-s, you idiot! Three Supreme Court Justices Surrogate will be elected for full terms next November. They will be the successors of Justices Francis M. Scott, whose cessors of Justices Francis M. Scott, whose term expires with the present year, and of Francis K. Pendleton, who was appointed a month ago in place of the late Edward B. Whitney, and the appointee to fill the vacancy caused by Justice O'Gorman's election to the United States Senate. A Surrogate will be elected in place of Judge Fowler, who was recently designated by the Governor to succeed the late Abner

AN OFFER TO STORE HIS SILVER. Mr. Litepurss Receives a Reminder of Pleasant Days in the Future.

B. Thomas.

"It is hardly time yet," said Mr. Litepurss. "to begin thinking of going away for the summer, but we have already begun to receive reminders of that pleasant season. Thus there came to us yesterday a nice notice from a safe deposit company saying that they were ready to receive our silver and keep it securely while we are away.

"Every year we get such notices, and I am bound to say they always please me. True, we have no silver, or none worth storing; none, really, that it would pay a burglar to take from us. That is one reason why we have no occasion to avail ourselves of the facilities offered by the

may be somebody; that we've got something; and this of itself is stimulating.

"Perhaps we shall be somebody some day. Who knows? Stranger things have happened. We may have money some day and silver. And then when these circulars come, in the early spring, we shall select the company we like best, and to that as the time approaches we shall send a polite note saying 'Will you kindly send on such and such a day for such and such articles of silver and other valuables which we desire to deposit in your vaults while we are away from the city?' And then—speed the day! Then we shall really and truly go to the country."

THE SUBWAY LAMP MAN. ises a Long Pole to Reach the Lamps and

Removes Them With Ease. Putting in electric light globes is the ich which one man has in the subway. He travels up and down the line carrying a bagful of globes and does his work quickly and easily without the aid of a stepladder, even when they are far above

his head.

The contrivance which the electric light man has for doing this is simple. It is a long pole at the end of which is a cluster of curved steel springs. When he wants to take off a used up globe he pokes the pole up until the springs fit over the globe. Then he turns the pole around and that unscrews the globe. Lowering the pole he takes out the old globe, fits a new one in between the springs and raising the pole again screws the new globe on. It seems to require some steadiness, but that is all.

Chicken Feeding by Telephone. Des Moines correspondence St. Louis Re-

Henry Myers, superintendent of the Waseca telephone system, keeps chickens and feeds them by telephone. He has fixed up a box in the chicken house with a drop door in the bottom of it. In this he places feed. The catch that holds the door places feed. The catch that holds the door in place is a sensitive affair and is connected to the telephone system.

When 4 P. M. arrives Mr. Myers sticks in a plug and presses a button the same way operators do when they ring up your home or place of business. Then the catch on the feed hox moves back, the door drops down, the feed falls to the floor and the chickens are fed.

The Oldest Map. From the Chicago Tribune After some controversy about the age

us from ancient times it has been finally

determined by savants that the oldest is in the form of a mosaic in a hyzantine church at Malaba, in Palestine. It is about 1.700 years old and purports to be a map of a part of the doly Land.

INSTRUCTION

Letter at any time. No solletters.

BIG JOB JUST COMPLETED BY CAPT. BAUER.

NAMES NOW FOR FIRE HORSES

tome 1,300 Names Were Needed and It Took Two Months to Find Them-A New System of Looking After Fire Horses-One Has Served 20 Years.

Naming 1,500 horses is the job which one man has just accomplished in the Fire Department. It took two months to think up the 1,500 names and it was no easy task. Not more than a dozen of the norses could properly have a feminine name, and the choice being thus restricted it was even harder than it might have been.

In the Fire Department they will tell you that the job of getting 1,500 names good enough to fit 1,500 horses is a lot harder than naming Pullman cars. You can give any euphonious name to a railroad car and nobody will be likely to three motives, each of which begins with object, but when it comes to harses, and

The name ought to be horsy to begin The late Thomas T. Williams, who at with, and then there are the horse's one time was private secretary to the late friends to be considered. However some United States Senator George, Hearst of of the firemen may disagree on the pro-California, used to tell a story in the Man-priety of some of the new names, now that the job has been accomplished, most of them are willing to concede that the task of finding names wasn't easy under the conditions and for that reason some fancy ones were necessary.

Giving names to the fire horses to make

Giving names to the fire horses to make up an official horse roster as well as card indexing other information about them was one of the reforms which commended themselves to Commissioner Rhinelander Waldo soon after he assumed command. Waldo soon after he assumed command.
The Commissioner's army experiences had given him a feeling of admiration for the horses forming part of a machine such as the Fire Department. He believed that fire horses ought to have names and be known officially by them, just as horses are in the army. Tom and Jerry and Dick might be all very well, but they weren't official.

Officially up to this time the horses in the department had been known only

Hearst. He had just spelled bird "b-u-r-d."

"Take it," replied the inquisitor.

"B-i-r-d, bird," snapped out Hearst, to the charrin of the group.

"Why, you confounded old humbug." was the rejoireder, "you just spelled it b-u-r-d."

"I wasn't betting then," replied Senator Hearst.

This story is on a par with the one they used to tell in Wall Street of I nele Dan Drew, who, being ill, one day sent word by his secretary to his cashier that the combination of the safe was the word "boots."

The cashier negged away in his offerts on.

The cashier negged away in his offerts on.

You are respectfully informed that horse No. 170 assigned to your company is officially to be named hereafter Acolian by order of the Commissioner.

communications reading something

by order of the Commissioner.

Some things were said in some fire houses when it became necessary to change the name of old Tom Horse to such a name as Altamont or Alcazar. Possibly if you visited some of them and asked for horses by the new names you might not be understood readily, but the names stand on the roll at Head quarters, to be borne by their owners until the end of their careers as fire horses.

When Commissioner Waldo decided to give official names to all of the 1.500 horses in the department he left the details of the plan to be worked out by Deputy Chief Guerin, and the latter put the job of finding the names up to Capt. Bauer, whom he found in charge of the horse bureau.

whom he found in charge of the horse bureau.

"But how in the world can I think up 1.500 names?" asked Bauer protestingly. What he did finally was to make use of several almanacs kindly lent him by a friend, a trotting guide and a geography. A few firemen hearing of what was going on sent in names they thought suitable for horses of which they were fond.

Perhaps the happiest man in the Fire Department was Battalion Chief Galvin. When he heard of what was up he made thaste to ask that his pet horse be named officially St. Patrick.

naste to ask that his per norse be named officially St. Patrick.

"St. Patrick it is," said the official christener, and so you find it on the horse roster, though unofficially the horse which pulls the chief is called Patsy.

safe deposit, while for another reason, even if we had any silver, we should have no occasion to store because we don't go away; we stay right here, where we could watch it and care for it ourselves in summer as well as winter.

"But we like to get the circulars just the same. It reminds us that we are respectable, that we are at least considered of enough account to send these circulars to; that whoever makes up the mailing list thinks there's a chance we may be somebody; that we've got something; and this of itself is stimulating.

"Perhaps we shall be somebody some the same and any silver, we should have not they don't fulke these names; that they don't like these names; that they don't quite seem to fit fire horses, but sound more like the recetrack. But there was no appeal from the decision of the board that named them. Now on the 1,500 cards filed away at Fire Head-quarters you find a name and a number for each horse, also the date when he entered the service and began to run with the machine, his subsequent transfers and the dates when he got new shoes.

As these four legged members of the department begin to grow old they are toward The Brentwood. Brentwood.

toward The Bronx and Staten Island.
One can trace on the card the career of a
horse from the time he started to gallop
many times a day to fires on the East Side
until he reached the suburbs and a life
of ease. As the horses pass along so do,
some of their human friends, and there
are frequently reunions of such pals
in the outlying firehouses where man and
horse perhaps have fetched up after a
strenuous career.

One thing which Commissioner Waldo's
new system has done is to settle all disputes ray to the oldest equine member of
the department. At the top of the list
comes Abbott, whose coat were it of cloth
would probably be covered now with
service stripes.

comes Abbott, whose coat were it of cloth would probably be covered now with service stripes.

He entered the Fire Department, his card shows, in 1891 at the age of 5, and despite the twenty years that have elapsed is still running to fires in a fairly busy section of The Bronx. carrying his twenty-five years lightly and able to keep up with many a younger horse. He has borne many names, has Abbott; homelier names than his present one, but names which have meant much to the firemen at the various stations to which he has been assigned. John Scannell, a former Commissioner, once cwned The Abbott, and this suggested the name for the department's horse dean.

Arrowwood, the card index shows, comes off with second honors, for he has served seventeen years and is 22 years old. Adam is more of a youngster, for he is only 20 years old and has been running to fires since 1898.

In some instances the rames were a good fit. This was shown after Capt. Bauer had completed his job, when there came a formal report from the foreman of an engine company for a new horse, "horse No. 170, Grandpa, not being up to

came a formal report from the foreman of an engine company for a new horse, "horse No. 170, Grandpa, not being up to the proper standard and getting too old for the service," so the report read.

Even in death they treat a fire horse much as a human being would be treated under the official routine. Chief Howe is the official horse coroner of the department. When the death of a fire horse occurs, from whatever cause, it is promptly reported to Headquarters, and then an official investigation is made to determine the cause of death.

DACKARD COMMERCIAL SCHOOL (SED YEAR)

Business Colleges.

SAIKMING SCI. NIFICALLY TOUGHT 2 Heated Pools, Prof. Dalton, 23 West 425